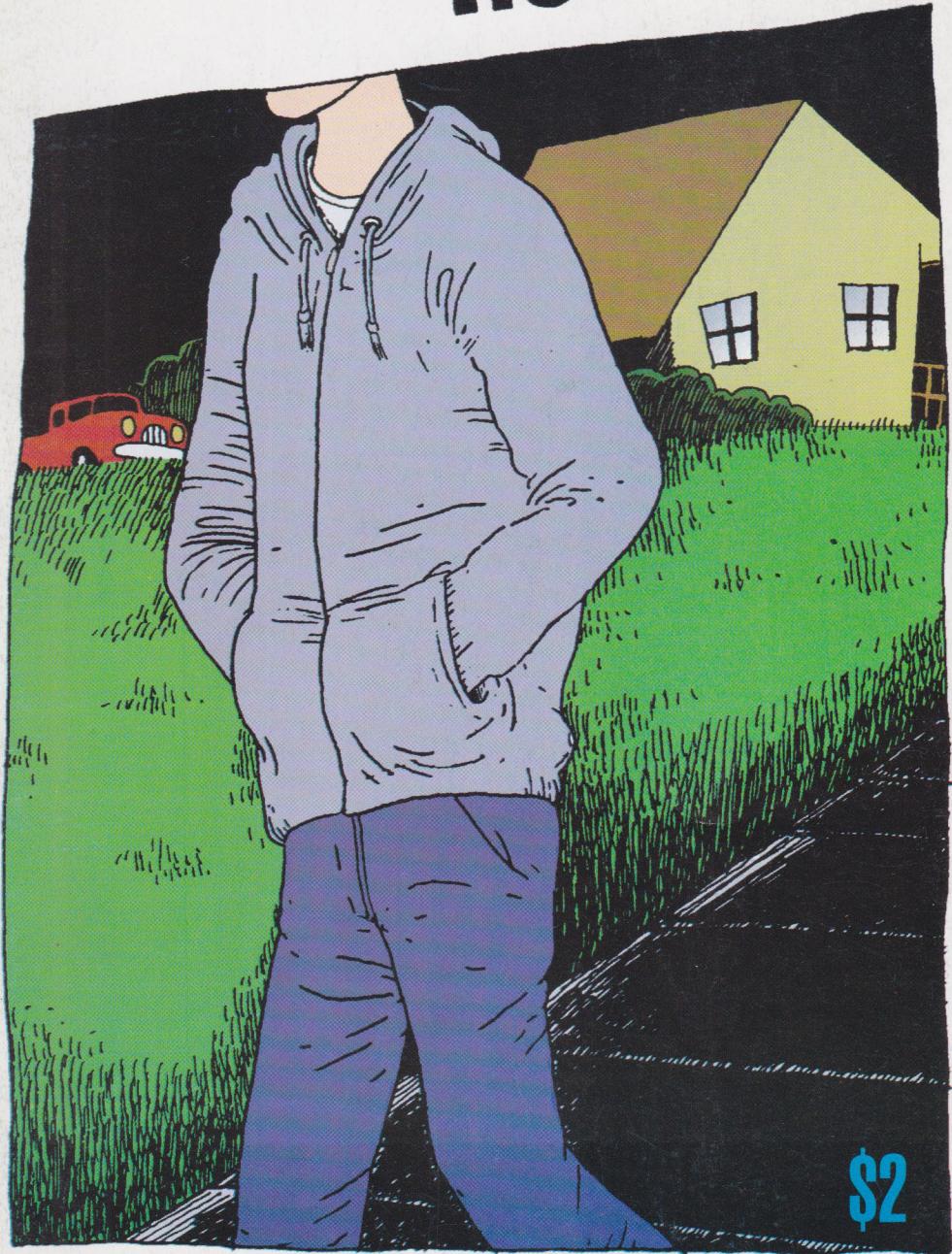
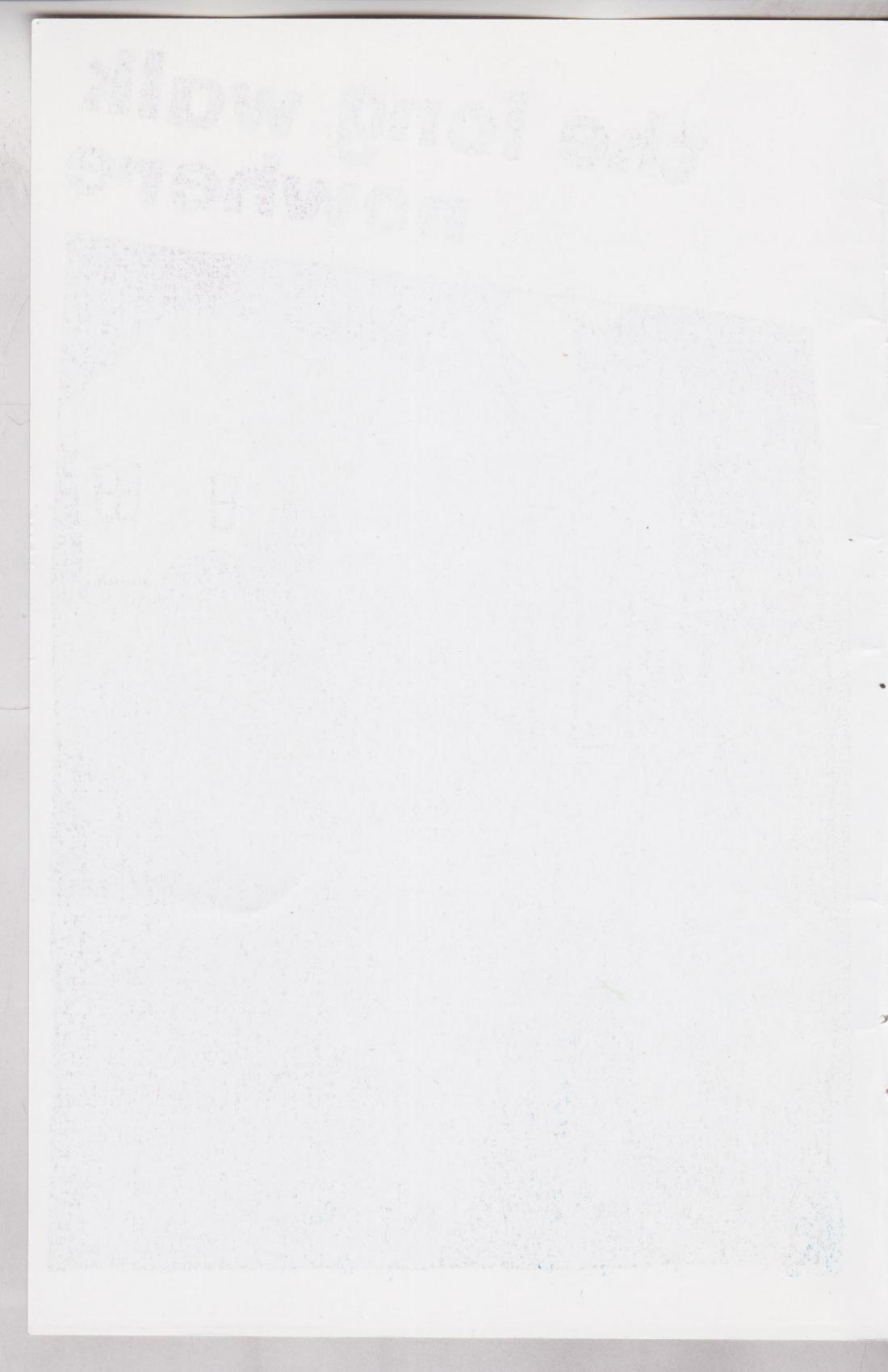


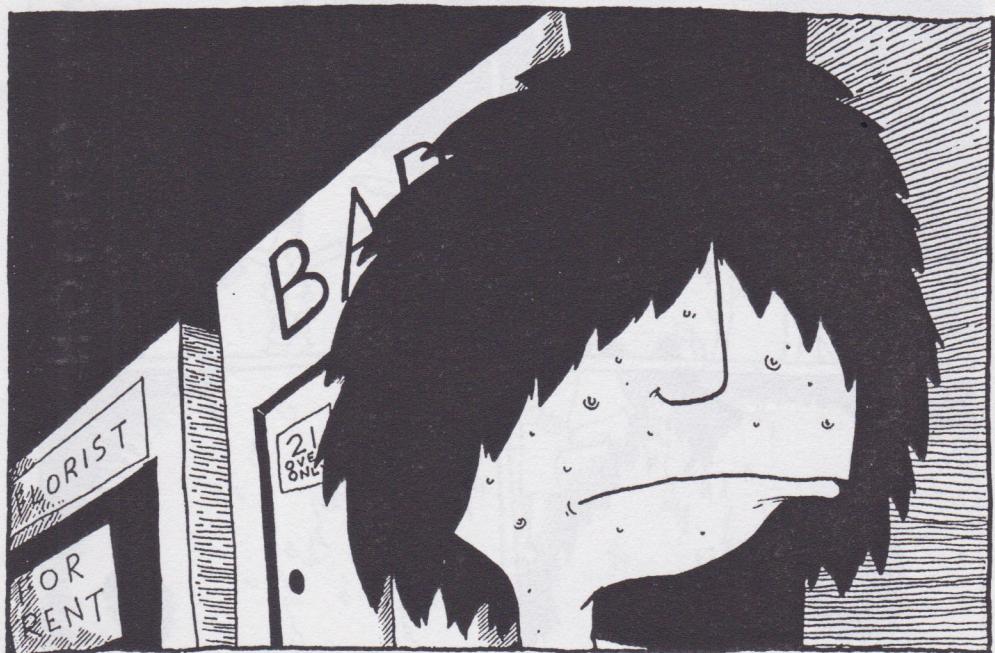
# the long walk nowhere

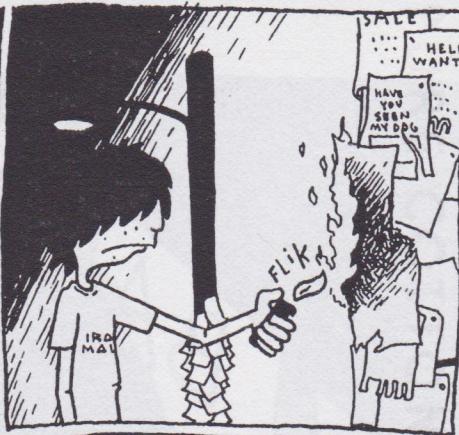


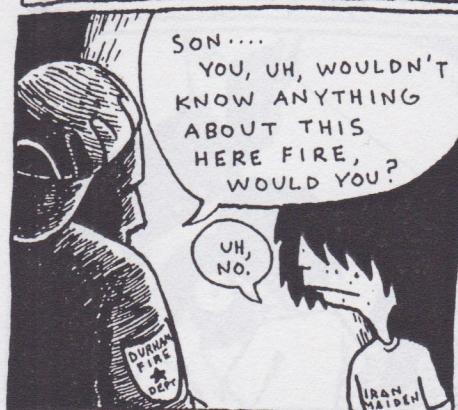
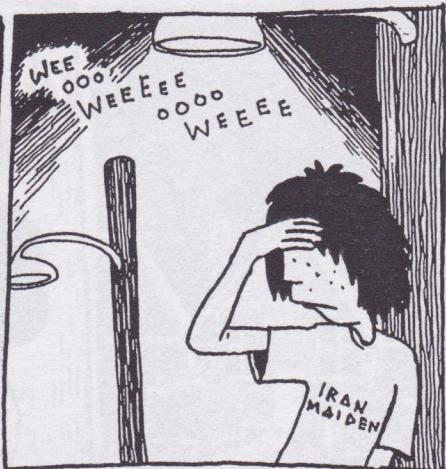
\$2

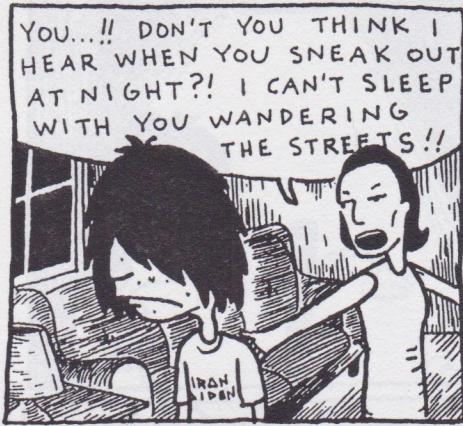


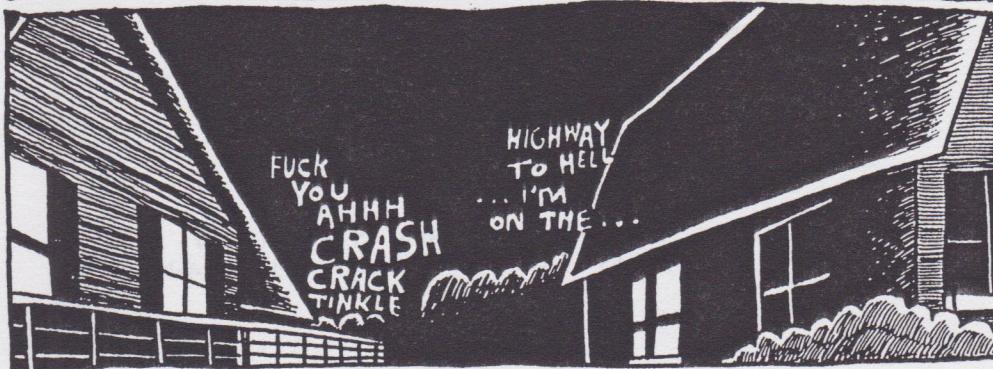
PART ONE: THE METAL YEARS.











I WISH I COULD REMEMBER.....

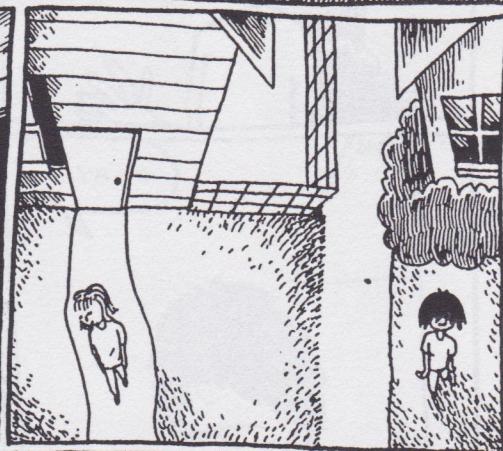
THIS WAS A LONG TIME AGO, NOW, AND I WISH I COULD REMEMBER WHAT IT REALLY FELT LIKE; I WISH I HAD SOMETHING MORE THAN WHAT I HAVE - JUST HAZY IMAGES, VAGUE SENSATIONS, A NAME IN A YEARBOOK, A SIDE STREET WHICH I RECALL TRAVERSING, NAUSEA, VERTIGO, THINGS WERE GOING TO HELL THEN, THAT'S FOR SURE --- AS NEAR AS I CAN RECALL BEING A TEENAGER IS ALL FIGHT OR FLIGHT. THERE WAS THE PARENTS' DIVORCE, MY MOM'S IMPENDING NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, THE THREAT OF NUCLEAR WAR, THE ALMOST PATHOLOGICAL FEAR OF HAVING AN INTERACTION WITH ANYONE YOUR OWN AGE ...

ACROSS THE STREET THE DAD, A COP (WHEN I WAS A KID I'D GO OVER THERE TO PLAY WITH THE NEIGHBOR KIDS AND I'D WATCH HIM CLEAN HIS GUN) HAD JUST SPLIT AND THAT FAMILY UNIT WAS UNRAVELING AS WELL. EVERY HOUSE SEEMED LIKE ONE CELL IN AN ORGANISM, EACH CELL BURSTING WITH CANCER, STRETCHING AT THE SEAMS WITH PUS AND BILE. THE NEIGHBORHOOD, THE CITY, THE WORLD, TRYING TO KEEP A POKER FACE AS ITS GUTS ROTTED OUT ---

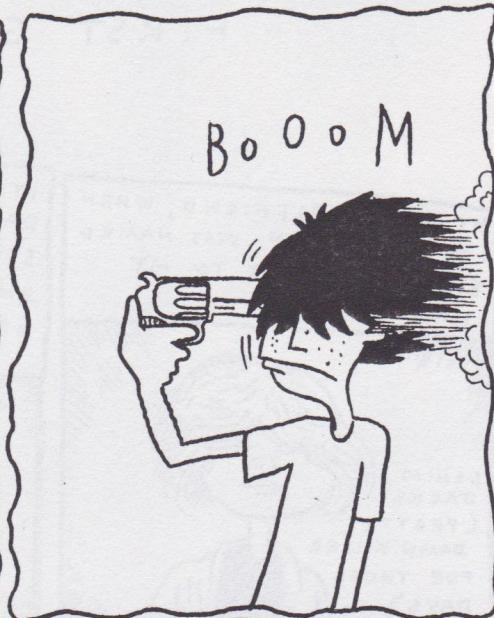
BUT THAT'S HOW IT SEEEMS IN RETROSPECT. BACK THEN? WHO CAN SAY.











# FIRST GIRLFRIEND

MY FIRST GIRLFRIEND, WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN, WAS NAMED RACHEL AND WENT TO MY HIGH SCHOOL.



IT WAS MY FIRST OR SECOND DAY OF MY FIRST YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL WHEN SHE WALKED BY AND I KIND OF GAWKILLY STARED AND GRIMACED IN THAT TEEN BOY WAY.



TO MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT, SHE GIGGLED AND BATTED HER EYES LIKE IT WAS ACTUALLY AWESOME THAT I WAS LEERING AT HER, RATHER THAN GROSS OR CREEPY. THIS WAS A WHOLE NEW THING TO ME.



AN INCREDIBLY ARDUOUS AND INVOLVED COURTSHIP BEGAN.



RACHEL WAS BOTH AN OLDER GIRL (FIFTEEN!) AND WHAT THEY CALL A "BAD GIRL." THIS MADE THINGS DIFFICULT TO WORK OUT - SHE GREW WEARY OF MY LACK OF ASSERTIVENESS WHILE I WAS COMPLETELY UNPREPARED FOR HER (FOR THE TIME) HEAVY PHONE INNUENDOS.



FINALLY WE GOT IT TOGETHER. OUR RESPECTIVE PARENTS DROVE US "UPTOWN" AND DROPPED US OFF. WE WENT ON A DATE TO A MATINEE SHOWING OF "PEE WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE."

I'VE ALREADY SEEN IT... BUT I'LL SEE IT AGAIN, I DON'T MIND... HEH HEH...



SHORTLY BEFORE ANY MAKING OUT OCCURED, THE SCENE IN PEE WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE WHERE TWISTED SISTER MAKES A CAMEO CAME ON. I WAS, OF COURSE, AN UNRECONSTRUCTED METAL HEAD.



FINALLY, WE MADE OUT, THUS SEALING RACHEL'S FATE AS MY FIRST GIRLFRIEND, AND THE THIRD GIRL I EVER KISSED. ALSO THE FIRST SMOKER.

EVEN THOUGH I KNEW THAT RACHEL WAS A "BAD GIRL" AND SUSPECTED THAT SHE HAD GONE QUITE A WAYS IN THE WHOLE "BASE" HEIRARCHY OF FOOLING AROUND, I COULD NOT BRING MYSELF EVER TO GO PAST "FIRST BASE" FOR FEAR OF BEING EXPOSED AS A HORMONE- CRAZED CAD. AFTER THE MOVIE WE WALKED AROUND, HOLDING HANDS.



WE WENT TO BURGER KING. I WAS WAY TOO FREAKED OUT TO EAT IN HER PRESENCE.



SOON AFTER THAT, SHE ASKED ME IF I WANTED TO "TRIP" ON LSD WITH HER. I HAD NO IDEA WHAT SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT BUT SAID "SURE" TO SEEM "WITH IT." (I'M SERIOUS!) I EVEN STASHED THE DRUGS AT MY PARENTS' HOUSE, WHICH WRACKED MY NERVES QUITE A BIT. WE TOOK THE ACID AT A HIGH SCHOOL PARTY THAT WEEKEND.



I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE DUMPING COMING. BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW? I HAD NO CONTEXT, NO RELATIONAL EXPERIENCE TO COMPARE THIS TO.



SHE SAT ME DOWN DURING LUNCH  
ABOUT A WEEK LATER.

IT'S JUST NOT  
WORKING OUT  
BETWEEN US. IT'S  
A BAD TIME FOR  
ME. I'M SORRY.\* WHA---?  
I DON'T  
GET IT...  
WHAT DID I  
DO? YOU DON'T  
LIKE ME?



\*I'VE BEEN FIRED FROM JOBS  
WITH THIS EXACT SAME SPEECH!!

OF COURSE, I'M MUCH MORE  
SMOOTH ABOUT GETTING  
DUMPED NOW, MUCH MORE  
ACCOMODATING. BUT AT THE  
TIME I WAS CAUGHT OFF  
GUARD...

LOOK... IT'S UP TO YOU MAN,  
WE CAN BE FRIENDS THE  
OR YOU CAN TELL CHOICE IS  
ME TO FUCK OBVIOUS!  
OFF.

FUCK  
OFF!



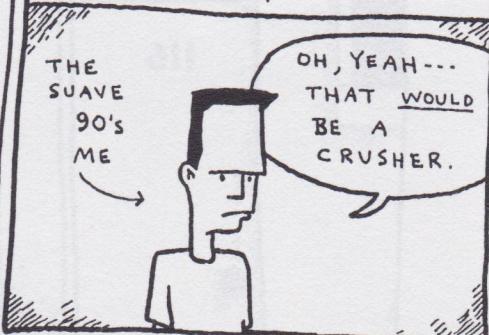
I THINK SHE HAD ALREADY STAR-  
TED DATING SOMEONE ELSE, IN  
FACT, PROBABLY SIXTEEN  
(DRIVER'S LICENSE!) WELL,  
LIVE AND LEARN. HERE IS WHAT  
I LEARNED: ① CHIVALRY AND RES-  
PECT FOR WOMEN'S VIRTUE ARE  
ARCHAIC CONCEPTS ② LOVE OF  
HEAVY METAL WILL MAKE YOU A  
SOCIAL PARIAH ③ DOING DRUGS  
WON'T MAKE YOU "COOL" ④ AND,  
IN THE WORDS OF TWISTED  
SISTER:

LOVE IS FOR  
SUCKERS,  
MAAAAAN!

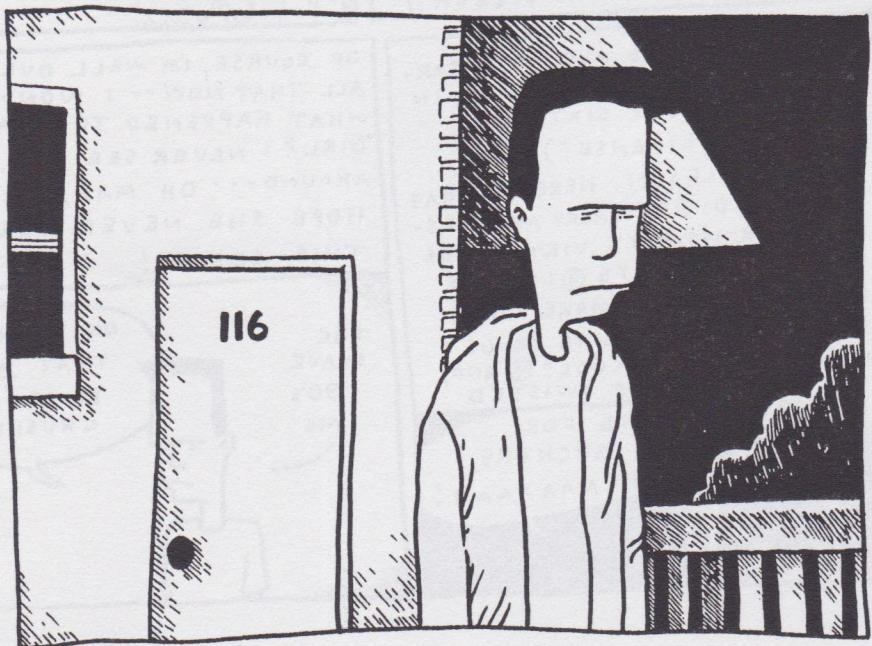
OF COURSE, I'M WELL OVER  
ALL THAT NOW-- I WONDER  
WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT  
GIRL? I NEVER SEE HER  
AROUND--- OH MAN, I  
HOPE SHE NEVER SEES  
THIS COMIC!

THE  
SUAVE  
90'S  
ME

OH, YEAH...  
THAT WOULD  
BE A  
CRUSHER.



PART TWO: THE FILLER YEARS.



I HAVE THIS THEORY ABOUT PEOPLE WHICH IS THAT EVERYONE IS DESIGNED, SPIRITUALLY, TO BE A CERTAIN AGE, AND IT'S ONLY THE IMPERFECTION OF BIOLOGY WHICH MAKES US LIVE ALL THE FILLER YEARS.



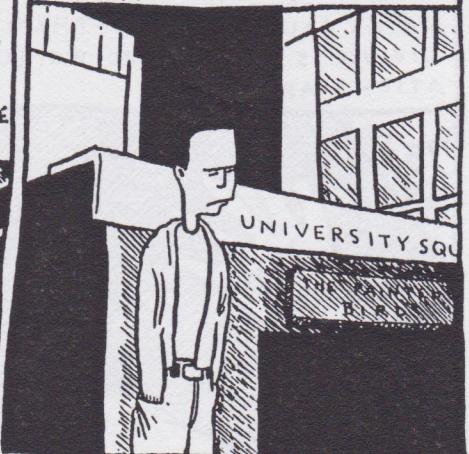
TAKE ALL THOSE GUYS WHO WERE HOT SHIT IN JUNIOR HIGH---YOU SEE THEM EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, STILL FIGHTING THEIR DUMB JUNIOR HIGH COOL GUY BATTLES, PUMPING GAS AT THE CITGO WITH THAT DAZED LOOK OF DULL SHOCK, WONDERING WHAT WENT WRONG.



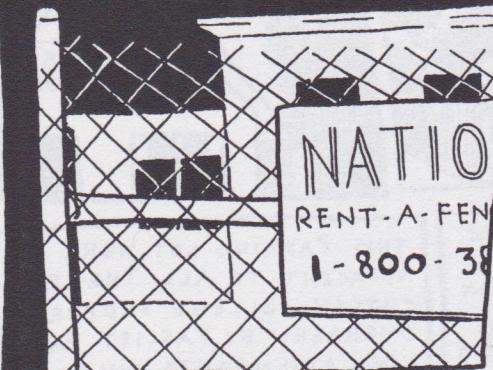
HEY, WELCOME TO MY HOME TOWN. I THOUGHT I'D SHOW YOU AROUND. CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA: MAINLY THERE'S JUST A BIG COLLEGE, A FEW GOOD BANDS HAVE COME FROM HERE, BUT FOR THE MOST PART IT'S PRETTY SLOW AND BORING. I LIVE RIGHT "DOWNTOWN" (AS IT WERE) SO WE'LL HEAD RIGHT TO THE HIGHLIGHTS. EXON STATION, KINKOS, A COUPLE OF BARS---"HE'S NOT HERE," FRAT BOY HELL ON EARTH--OH, THERE'S MY JOB, COPYTRON - I WORK THERE ABOUT TEN HOURS A WEEK. (I'LL BE FIRED BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS.)



THIS PARKING LOT HERE IS ADJACENT TO ALL THESE CUTESY COLLEGE SHOPPES--OVERSEEN BY FASCIST PARKING ATTENDANTS WHO WON'T LET YOU PARK HERE DURING FOOTBALL GAMES. DAMN THAT UNIVERSITY! HEH HEH --- BEING A "TOWNIE" ROCKS.



I MENTION THE FATE OF THE JUNIOR HIGH COOL GUYS, BECAUSE THIS IS A VERY REAL ISSUE WHEN YOU LIVE IN A TOWN YOU GREW UP AROUND-- I LITERALLY DO SEE PEOPLE I'VE KNOWN ALL MY LIFE, PUMPING GAS, GETTING MASTERS' DEGREES, SLIDING INEXORABLY INTO ALCOHOLISM, AND SO ON.



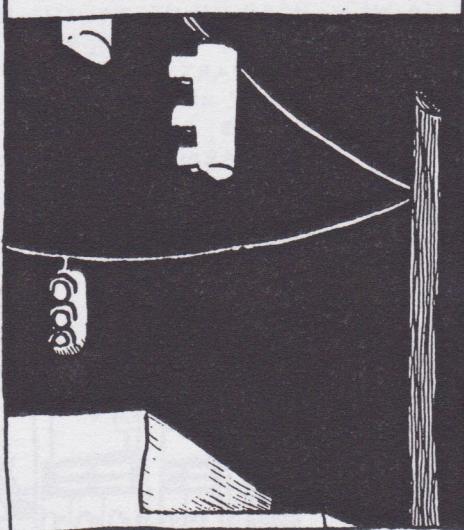
THE COOLEST GUY IN MY HIGH SCHOOL, THE GUY WHO'D WEAR A HÜSKER DÜ T-SHIRT AND I'D GO BUY THE RECORD THE NEXT DAY, JUST KILLED HIMSELF, ACTUALLY. THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM, HE SAID HE ENVIED ME THAT I'D GOTTEN OUT OF TOWN. ME! THE GUY WHO STOLE HIS MUSICAL TASTES.



I LEAVE, BUT I ALWAYS COME BACK. IT'S EASY TO CRACK THE SYSTEM HERE-- THERE'S LOTS OF FREE FOOD, I HAVE NICE HOUSEMATES (ALL SEVEN OF THEM), LIVING IS CHEAP AND EXPECTATIONS ARE LOW.



AND OF COURSE, THIS ALL HAS ME TERRIBLY WORRIED.



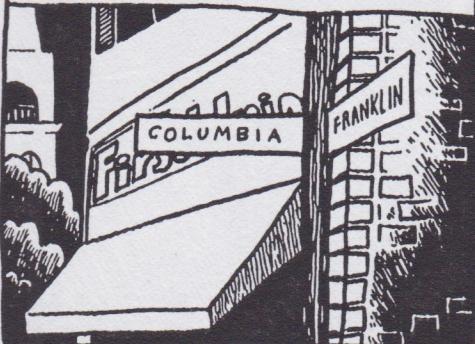
FALL IS SETTING IN; MY HOUSEMATE POINTS OUT THE DORKY SWEATSHIRTS WE ALL WEAR, AND I WONDER HOW LONG I'LL WEAR DORKY SWEATSHIRTS. I'M TWENTY-SIX AND MAYBE THIS IS IT FOR ME. SWEATSHIRTS....



SOMETIMES I GET SO BUMMED OUT, WALKING AROUND TOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT FOR NO REASON, LIKE I HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS.



WOAH! HE HE ... GETTING A LITTLE HEAVY THERE; SORRY. BACK TO THE SCENIC TOUR.... HERE WE HAVE THE MAIN INTERSECTION, FRANKLIN AND COLUMBIA. YOU GOT A BANK, A STARBUCKS, A GAP, MORE BARS.... UGH... A FEW YEARS AGO THINGS WERE A LITTLE COOLER HERE, BEFORE ALL THESE FRANCHISES MOVED IN TO CONVERT THIS STRIP INTO A GENERIC COLLEGE CONSUMER ZONE.



THERE'S A COUPLE DECENT RECORD STORES DOWN THIS WAY.. SOME COFFEE SHOPS AND SUCH. I GUESS THIS WOULD BE MORE PRODUCTIVE IF IT WASN'T THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, SO THAT SOMETHING WAS OPEN. SORRY.



ON THE PLUS SIDE, THOUGH, WE GET TO AVOID THE BULK OF HUMANITY — THE REAL COCK-SUCKERS, THE COLLEGE JERKS, I DON'T KNOW --- THE TEEMING HORDES THAT FILL THE STREET BY DAY.



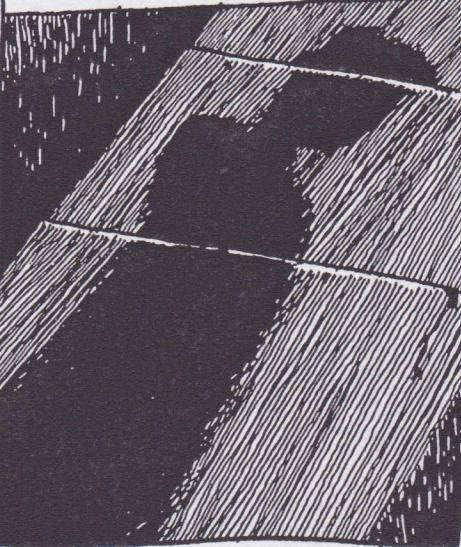
GIVE ME SOME LITHIUM AND AND ONE OF THOSE GO-CARTS... I'D PROBABLY BE A PRODUCTIVE MEMBER OF SOCIETY, TOO.



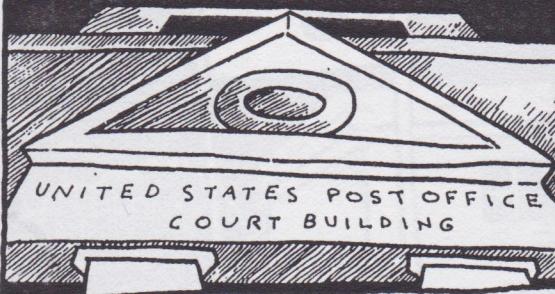
YEP — IT'S PRETTY DESOLATE AROUND 5:30 AM. THERE'S A GUY IN A STREET-SWEEPER MOBILE, CRUISING AROUND. HEY, THAT LOOKS FUN — DOING DONUTS IN THE MIDDLE OF FRANKLIN STREET, BLOWING AROUND LEAVES.



YEAH. PRETTY DESOLATE.



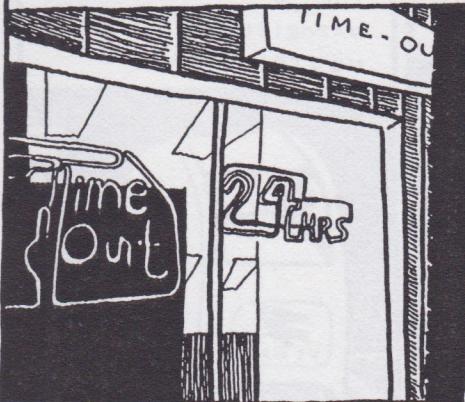
RIGHT HERE'S THE POST OFFICE / COURT HOUSE, BY THE WAY.... OH, THE STORIES I COULD TELL.... BY DAY THE STEPS ARE SWARMING WITH TEENAGERS. I MYSELF DID A FEW YEARS' TIME ON THESE STEPS.... THE BASEMENT OF THE POST OFFICE HOUSES A TEEN CENTER WHERE HIGH SCHOOL BANDS PLAY.



LET'S HEAD BACK UP THE OTHER WAY --- MAYBE WE'LL SEE SOME GOOD SHIT UP THERE.



AH, "TIME OUT" - THIS IS PRETTY MUCH THE ONLY 24 HOUR ESTABLISHMENT IN CHAPEL HILL... THEY SPECIALIZE IN GRISTLY CHICKEN, CONSUMED PRIMARILY BY THE LOCAL CRACK-HEADS. LOOK, THERE'S PEOPLE PASSED OUT IN THERE RIGHT NOW, SPRAWLED ON THE COUNTER.



OH, I GUESS WE COULD ALWAYS WALK OVER TO THE HARRIS-TEETER (DON'T LAUGH... THIS IS THE SOUTH) TO GET LATE-NIGHT EIGHT-FOR-A-DOLLAR DONUTS. BUT THAT'S ALL THE WAY IN CARRBORO - A FULL TEN MINUTE WALK AWAY.



AH, WELL....

BACK UP BY MY HOUSE: THE GREYHOUND STATION IS A GOOD 30 SECOND WALK FROM MY FRONT DOOR AND THIS IS ALWAYS IMMENSELY COMFORTING.



THIS IS A MAGICAL TIME OF MORNING—  
THE BRIEF INTERLUDE IN COMMERCE,  
THE SERENE MOMENT BETWEEN THE  
MASSAGE PARLOR CLOSING DOWN AND  
THE LEFT-WING BOOKSTORE NEXT  
DOOR OPENING UP.



WHAT A BIZARRE MODE  
OF EXISTENCE.....  
I'LL PROBABLY END UP  
GETTING UP AROUND  
FOUR IN THE AFTER-  
NOON. MY LIFE IN-  
CREASINGLY BECOMES  
LIKE ONE OF THOSE  
TWILIGHT ZONE EPI-  
SODES WHERE EVERY-  
ONE BUT ME HAS BEEN  
VAPORIZED BY THE  
NEUTRON BOMB.



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN THE NEUTRON  
BOMB, THE A-BOMB, THE  
HYDROGEN BOMB, ANYWAY?  
ROD STERLING... WHAT  
A CREEP.



WELL, ROD, YOU KNOW WHERE  
TO FIND ME IF YOU NEED  
SOMEONE TO WANDER AROUND  
LOOKING PERTURBED.



AL BURIAN • 307 BLUERIDGE RD. • CARRBORO, NC • 27510

the migraine entertainment  
syndicate presents...

~~ROM#7783~~

**CAVIAR AND METHS???**

Hella skinny rocker chicks seek  
dudes. Must be into Priest.  
ROM#7858

~~05/13~~

**WJF, VEGAN, PAGAN**

~~breeder would like to~~

### action

a collection of photos by icki, the editor  
of the notorious sty zine. bands, street  
scenes, and a whole bunch of other  
cool shit shot from one of today's most  
unique and life-affirming photographic  
perspectives. two-color cover and more  
pages than you can shake a stick at...  
particularly that ugly stick yo' ass got  
beaten with in the first place.

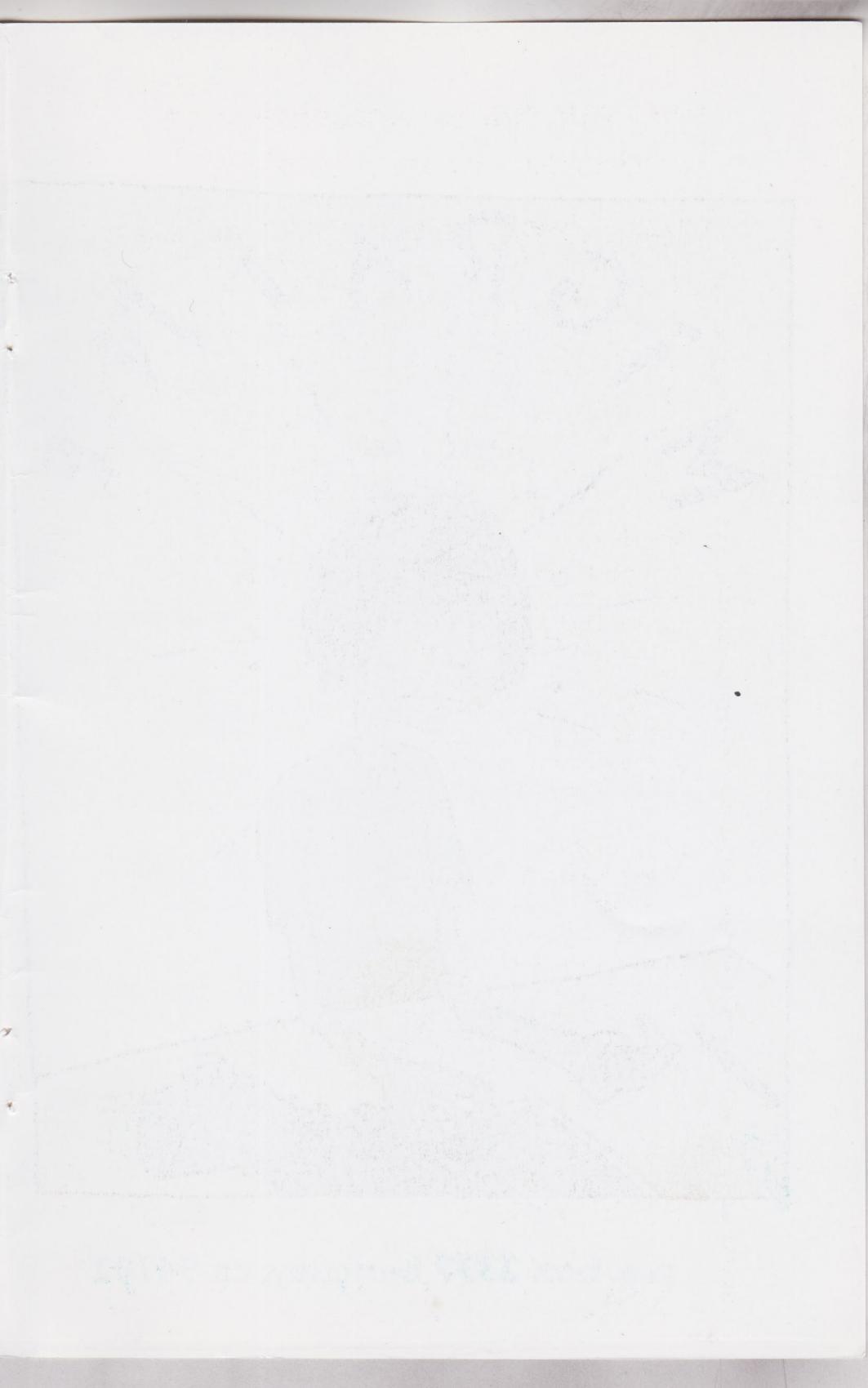
\$2.00

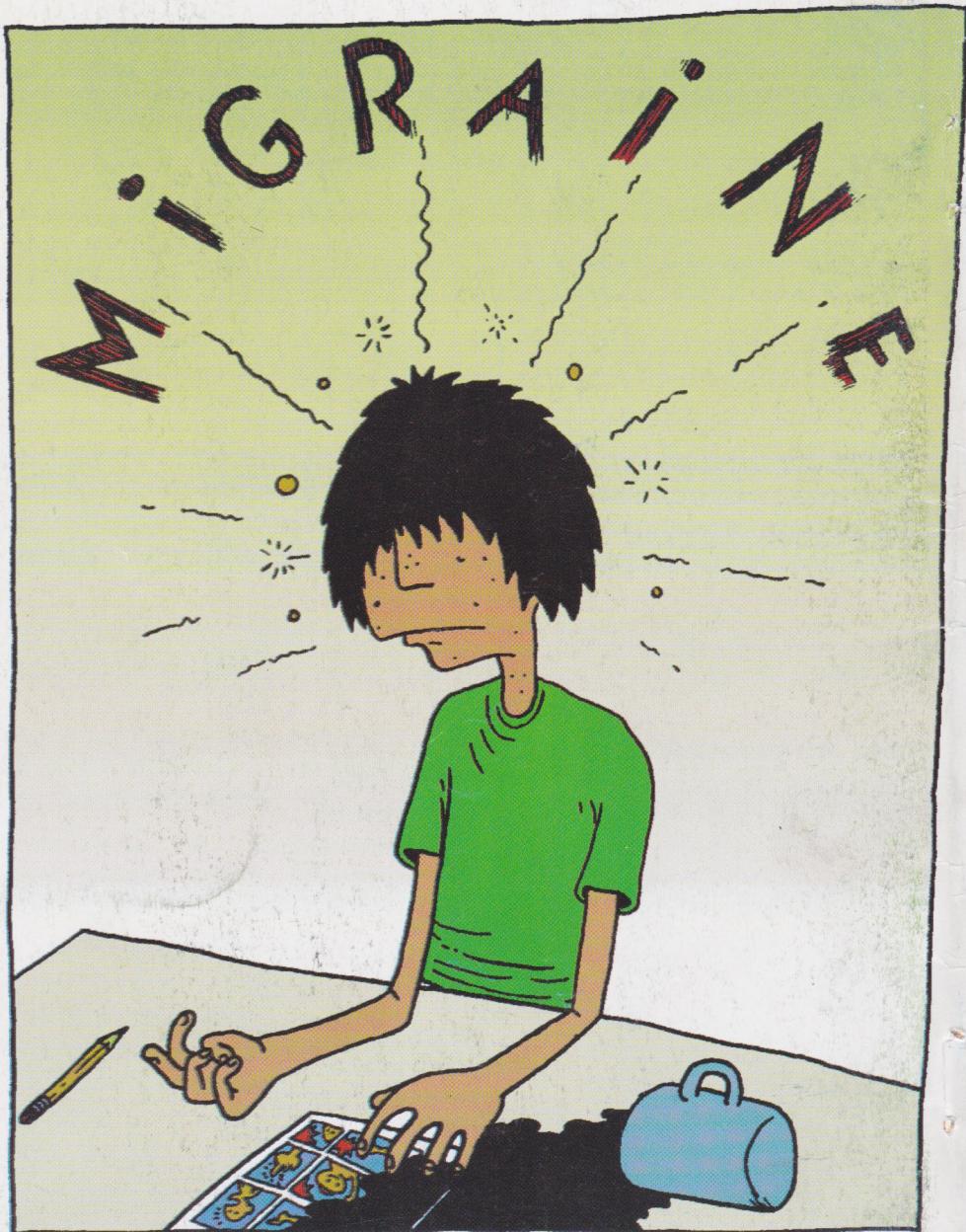
### sap number three

the final chapter in the punk rock love  
comic trilogy. boy meets girl, girl meets  
boy, greyhound, beer, wine, cigarettes,  
and skateboards...read it and weep. the  
illustrations are executed by one mister  
simon gane, the perfect fit to a story  
lovingly penned by ian lynam and kim  
fern. also inside a full-color cover.

\$2.00

p.o. box 2337, berkeley, ca 94702  
send a stamp, get a catalog.  
all prices postpaid.





p.o. box 2337 berkeley, ca 94702